MODERN EVANGELISM *and* ANCIENT ENVIRONMENT

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5. JOSEF DOBES.

Modern Evangelism and Ancient Environment

Modern Evangelism and Ancient Environment

By Walt Holcomb

Author of "Popular Lectures of Sam Jones"

COKESBURY PRESS
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1924

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To

MY LIFELONG FRIEND IN
THE MINISTRY

Bishop W. B. Beauchamp

WHO MADE POSSIBLE THE
EUROPEAN MISSION, THIS
VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY
INSCRIBED

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FOREWORD

THE eight revival sermons in this little volume were preached in the old city of Prague by Dr. Walt Holcomb. He preached every night in the largest theater in Central Europe. This theater is four stories underground.

I do not think I have ever seen a man facing a more difficult situation; and yet he met it bravely and with implicit faith. The results were marvelous and every night this immense auditorium was filled to capacity.

The sermons were skillfully and sympathetically interpreted into the Czech language by Rev. Josef Dobes. The effect of these sermons, though delivered through an interpreter, was exactly the same in every respect as would no doubt have been the case if they had been delivered before an audience in America.

The sermons were taken down in English

and Bohemian and have been carefully edited and printed in a booklet to be distributed throughout Czecho-Slovakia.

I have just learned that Dr. Holcomb is contemplating having them printed in the English language also. I feel sure that their distribution in America will mean much to the ongoing of the kingdom of God.

Let those who read them in English pray that those who read the Bohemian copies may not only be convicted of sin, but led to the Saviour and to Christian service.

J. L. NEILL,
Superintendent of the Methodist Mission and Principal of Bible Training School.
PRAGUE, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, January 1, 1924.

INFORMATORY

THE sermons contained in this volume were delivered during an evangelistic campaign in Europe.

While the entire series was preached in "Velky Sal Lucerna" in Prague, some of the sermons had previously been delivered in other parts of Europe.

The sermon on "Scarlet Sins" was first preached in Brussels, Belgium, and interpreted by a Frenchman.

The one entitled "Salvation" was delivered in Danzig and interpreted by a German, before being preached in Prague.

The sermons on "Christ in His Church" and "Choose Christ" were preached in Warsaw, Poland, and interpreted by a Pole.

In the cities where they were first delivered the illustrations and references had a local coloring. In the corrected manuscripts I have allowed these localisms to remain.

All the other sermons were especially prepared for the Czech people and were interpreted by a Bohemian. Local references to Prague and Czecho-Slovakia are retained in the printed page.

As I preached through interpreters, the messages necessarily had to be brief. It took as much time for the interpreter as it did for the evangelist. The sentences are short, as a rule, as our desire was to get not only the thought, but the actual words, into the minds of the hearers.

There was such harmony and sympathy existing between the preacher and the interpreter, and we kept up such a rapid fire, that the audience scarcely noticed any break in the delivery of the messages.

My reason for publishing these sermons is that they have a peculiar interest as the reader may associate Modern Evangelism with Ancient Environment.

WALT HOLCOMB.

CARTERSVILLE, GA., January 1, 1924.

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I

CHRIST IN HIS CHURCH

Preached at Warsaw, Poland, in Amerykanska Misja Metodystow

Interpreted by Paul Kowalski, a Native of Poland

MOREOVER if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican. Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

I

CHRIST IN HIS CHURCH

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xviii. 19.)

IF you were in America this morning, attending a big Protestant Church, and there sat by your side a person who was totally blind, with his sightless eyeballs turned to the floor and eyelids tightly drawn, you might see him nudge his neighbor in the side and hear him say, "I thought I was at the first service of a revival—not a prayer meeting." Perhaps you would not understand his meaning. A revival is something new to the Polish people.

But in America we have big crowds at revivals and small crowds at prayer meeting. And our people have associated this Scrip-

ture with the prayer meeting until they think it is out of place elsewhere.

The text is as appropriate for a houseful as a handful. In your prayer groups it would be easier to find two or three praying Christians than in a houseful as we have at this opening service.

However, everything in the verses hinges upon the first expression: "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name." Something brought you here. In speaking of a revival crowd in the early New Testament days, the question was asked, "What went ye out for to see?"

When the bishop appoints a new pastor to a church in my Southland, the members come out to hear him preach the first sermon. Sometimes he does not see them again during the year.

When I start a revival meeting I always have a big crowd at the opening service. People want to see the new minister. They are usually disappointed in me. There are

two things my wife will not admit. One is—that I am a better preacher than her father; and the other is—that I am handsome. That is why I respect her judgment.

As I have just arrived from America, perhaps some of you have come out this morning to see what I look like. Some people like to go to church to see and be seen. They want to shake hands, exchange greetings, and give expression to their social nature. The church is primarily a soul-saving institution. The church ought also to be the greatest social center in a community. It is better to make this Mission Building headquarters for social gatherings than for you to be sitting around beer gardens and hanging around dancing halls.

Other people like to go to church to enjoy good music. They do not like preaching, but enjoy good singing. Everybody appreciates good music—they do not care for poor music. It would be better to come to church

to sing and to be sung to than to go to the theater and listen to the jazz music.

But if you have nothing more in mind than to hear a new voice, meet one another, and mingle your voices in song—while you will get good from coming, you will go away with your blessing limited. But if, back of seeing, singing, and listening, the magic, magnetic, and marvelous name of Jesus attracts and brings you here, you will receive such an uplift as you will find nowhere else.

When we gather in the name of Jesus, that brings Christ to our church. Jesus has a standing engagement to meet, anywhere and any time, two or three persons who come together in his name. Now I believe the required number has gathered in the name of Christ. This guarantees the presence of Jesus. Jesus is here. He promised to come with us. He kept his engagement. His presence is as real as your presence. The real Jesus is in this hall—

not a mere crucifix, as you may behold in Roman Catholic churches, but the living Christ.

While Jesus is here, you must recognize his presence. Unless you recognize him, you will not receive the religious thrill that your soul needs. I might see Herbert Hoover in the rear of the building and not mention his presence, and you would go away without a humanitarian thrill. But if I should say, "Yonder is Herbert Hoover," you would think of his great relief work in Poland during the big war and in your characteristic enthusiasm would rush to shake his hands.

If I can get you to see Jesus, you will fall at his feet. Charles Lamb said: "If Shakespeare should enter the room, we would rise to our feet; but if Jesus should enter we would fall upon our knees." We would do likewise.

A great American preacher had finished his sermon on Saturday night. After a

week of visiting among his people, while sitting in his study, weary and worn, he fell asleep. He dreamed that the Sunday morning congregation had assembled. Beautiful music had swelled from the big organ and choir. Prayer had been offered and a collection received.

The minister was preaching, when suddenly the door opened and a stranger entered. Quietly he walked down the central aisle. A man in the audience recognized him and gave him a seat by his side. The silent stranger fascinated the minister. When he had finished his sermon he hoped that the stranger would come forward and make himself known, but the mysterious visitor departed with the crowd.

The pastor found his member and asked, "Who was that wonderful person that sat by you?" "Did you not know him?" asked the friend; "why, that was Jesus."

The minister awoke from his dream. The tears streamed down his cheeks as he

exclaimed: "We let him come and go without recognizing him. How differently we would have preached, prayed, and sung if we had known that Jesus was in our midst."

At this opening service let us recognize the presence of Jesus. You will receive such a spiritual thrill that it will lift you above the world's turmoil and strife.

The next expression in the text is: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask." "That sounds out of place," you say. No, that is the natural thing for Jesus to say. When your friends drop in to see you, do you close up like a clam? If you just sat there without saying anything, they might leave and recall Pope's epigram:

> "You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;
> Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

The presence of your friends inspires you to talk. Anyway, you would make some signs. Polish people are great on talking

with their hands. Jesus knew that his presence would inspire you to pray.

There are many things that you want to say to Jesus as he sits here in your midst. I believe in public prayer, as led by your pastor; but there are things we want to say to Jesus that we do not care for the crowd to hear. I believe in family prayer; but there are things we want to say to Jesus that we do not care for our wives and children to hear.

Jesus Christ is by your side that you may whisper into his ear. If you were to tell your neighbor your sorrows, troubles, and heartaches, he might turn a cold shoulder to your tale of woe; but Jesus will turn a warm heart to your despairing cry. Your temptations, sins, and needs will interest him. In your poverty and confusion—call upon Jesus.

Some things, however, rise out of the individual into the collective realm. While the Methodist Church in Poland is small,

we remember that John Wesley had a small group of earnest souls in Oxford University, where our Church was founded. Where two or three persons are assembled in Jesus's name, that is as much a church as if two or three thousand worshipers had gathered in a cathedral in the name of Christ.

But the church must agree if the promise is fulfilled. The law of conversation is agreement. You cannot have an intelligent conversation with everybody talking at the same time about different things. Europeans can jabber at the same time, but an intelligent conversation follows the law of agreement.

It is not necessary to agree about nonessentials. In fact, most of our disagreements are about nonessentials. I attended a prayer meeting for rain. One farmer said: "If it does not rain, my corn will burn up." Another farmer arose and said: "I cut my hay yesterday and if it does rain

I am ruined." We could not agree as to the time for rain. After prayer, I looked around and did not see an unbrella in the crowd. Since then, when I have wanted rain, I have gone up on the mountain top alone, like Elijah of old.

Americans could not agree about entering the World War. I wanted the Allies to go into Berlin. While I like the plain German people, I have no respect for the chief Hun, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. Before the war my wife called me "hun" and I thought it was cute, but during the war I told her to "cut it out."

There is one thing that Christians the world over can agree upon—and that is the revival of religion. While this is the first revival you ever attended, your soul is hungry for Christ. While you are poor, and many of you without a job and a home—as a result of the war—you had rather find Jesus and be saved than to have all the wealth of the world.

We want to agree upon salvation for the Polish people. There is nothing that lies closer to the heart of Jesus than your salvation. He walked the long, lonely road to Calvary that you might be saved. Can we agree on salvation? How many of you will say "Yes" by raising your hand? That's fine.

The last words in the verse are: "It shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." See where the text has led us. We have got in touch with one higher up. Anything can be done if we get in touch with the one who can put it over. Everything "heads up"—even a cabbage. The force of the logic leads us to Christ. Jesus said: "It shall be done." Faith exclaims: "It is already done."

In America one of our finest trains is the Dixie Flyer, which runs from Chicago to Jacksonville. Some time ago I was in Nashville, the headquarters of our Church, and was going to Florida. I went to the

ticket office and asked for a ticket to Cartersville. The agent said: "The Dixie Flyer doesn't stop there." "She doesn't?" I inquired. "Give me a ticket to Dalton," I said. When we reached Dalton, all those who had tickets for that place got off, except myself. When the train pulled out of the station, the conductor came along and said, "Tickets, please." "Captain," I replied, "I just had a ticket to the last stop. Won't you slow up the Dixie Flyer and let me step off at Cartersville?" "I shall be glad to do so," said he. Reaching Cartersville, he stopped the train.

Later on, I was in Nashville and bought a ticket to the same station. While the big Dixie Flyer was pulling out of Dalton, the conductor came along collecting tickets. I said: "Captain, won't you please stop the Dixie at Cartersville and let me eat fried chicken with my mother-in-law?" Some men do not like their mothers-in-law, but I rather like mine. The conductor replied:

"I cannot do that, sir." I remarked: "Captain, didn't you do that for me a few months ago?" "Yes," said he, "and that is just the reason I cannot do it now. I nearly lost my job. The company jacked me up and wanted to know why I stopped the train." I had to go to Marietta and come back on another train. I got to Cartersville about midnight, and all that was left of the fried chicken was liver, gizzard, and neck.

Again, I was at Nashville and wanted to stop off at Cartersville, as my wife and babies were there. I knew I could not work the conductor again. I did not want to ride the local train all day. While thinking, it occurred to me that the president of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway had his office just across the street from the Union Depot. He had the last word on the Dixie Flyer. I picked up a telephone and asked central to give me his number. "Is this the office of the president of the

N., C. & St. L. Railway?" I inquired. "Yes, sir," was the quick reply. "Mr. President," I said, "this is Walt Holcomb—Reverend Walt Holcomb. I want to know if you won't stop the Dixie Flyer and let me off at Cartersville?" "I shall be glad to do so," said he, "and I will send an order over to the ticket agent." Thanking him, I hung up the receiver.

Reaching the depot, I said to the ticket agent: "Son, does the Dixie Flyer stop at Cartersville?" He replied: "It is not a schedule stop, but I have an order to sell a ticket for that place." Reaching the gate, I said: "Gateman, does the Dixie Flyer stop at Cartersville?" He answered: "I have an order to let a fellow through for that place to-day, although it is not a regular stop." When the conductor came through the car, I asked: "Captain, does the Dixie Flyer stop at Cartersville?" He replied: "It is not a regular stop, but I have an order to put a passenger off there to-day."

When we reached Chattanooga, while we were changing engines, I went to the lunch counter and got a glass of buttermilk. Soon we had passed Dalton, Calhoun, and Adairsville. I was sitting on the right side of the car when I saw the cemetery and was thinking of our silent dead; then I was awakened from my meditation by a shrill blast of the whistle. As the engineer blew for the station, I could see the flagman at the crossing waving the "stop" signal to hold back the automobiles while the big Dixie went through town.

The conductor arose and pulled the bell cord, and she hissed. He pulled it the second time, and she whizzed. He pulled it the third time, and she sizzled again. Then the engineer gave three short blasts of the whistle. He applied the air brakes. The applied brakes were grinding the sparks out of the spinning wheels. The big Dixie was trembling with convulsions. Slower and slower—until the train stopped still.

I got off. The conductor gave the signal, the engineer opened the throttle, the big Dixie picked up speed and went rumbling along toward the "Land of Flowers." Nobody was jacked up. No job was endangered. The president of the road had passed the word down the line. Let us this morning through Jesus Christ get in touch with our Heavenly Father—the one high over all—that it may be said in heaven: "Old Warsaw shall have a revival of religion."

II

A DISORDERED HOUSE

Preached at Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, in "Velky Sal Lucerna" (Big Hall of Lanterns)

Interpreted by Josef Dobes, a Native Bohemian

IN the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; and when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

II

A DISORDERED HOUSE

"Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." (Isa. xxxviii. 1.)

EVERYBODY knows what a disordered house is—especially the good housekeepers. You have seen one to-day, have you not? This morning when you kissed your husband good-by and sent him off to work, and dressed the children and started them off to school, you looked around and said: "This old house has to be put in order again."

A husband whose wife keeps the home in order should love her—next to the Lord Jesus Christ. If he does not love such a wife, he ought to be exiled to Holland and chained to ex-Kaiser Bill. That is as bad a wish as I could make—unless he should be exiled to that other place, which begins with "H," and chained to the original

kaiser, his majesty the devil. The way you smile I believe you heartily agree with me.

Most of you know what a disordered body is. Some of you are living in one. To hear folks talk, you would think that about all that is left is tongue and backache. I had an uncle once, and we called him "Uncle Roddy." That name itself was enough to make him feel bad. Every time I saw him and inquired about his health, he said: "Walt, I am down with the rheumatism and your Aunt Mary is down with neuralgia." I did not ask about the entire family, but "Uncle Roddy" was generous with disagreeable news. Many of us have diseased bodies. The political, economic, and religious house of Europe is disordered to-day.

However, there are more diseased and disordered souls in Prague than there are disordered homes or diseased bodies. Many are asking, "What is the matter with me?" I will tell you: "Sin." Sin is the only thing that can get a man's soul out of order.

Some sin is still crouching at the door of your heart. Just close the door against willful sin and you will have the assurance that the house of your soul is in order. Sin is the only act that can rob the soul of its assurance and peace.

There may be special sins that you are committing in your home that are disordering your soul. 2 Kings xx. 15 reads: "What have they seen in thine house?" There may be things in your house that keep your soul out of order. A deck of gambling cards will disorder your soul. An indecent and immoral dance will soil your soul. Intoxicating liquors in your cupboard will put your house out of order.

A lady asked me to dine with her. While waiting for dinner, she was talking like a windmill about her lack of assurance of salvation. I could not get in a word edgewise. Presently her little girl, who was playing with the pastor out in the hall, came and said: "Mamma, give me the cards."

The mother said: "Run along, darling, I am talking to Mr. Holcomb about my soul." The little child replied: "Give me the cards and I'll go."

The embarrassed mother pulled the cards from the table drawer and said: "Mr. Holcomb, I have been thinking of burning these cards for several days: and as my little girl has exposed me, I am going to pitch them into the fire." When the cards had burned up, leaving a little pile of white ashes, I remarked to the woman: "The thing in the home which disordered your soul has now gone up in smoke." She became a happy and useful Christian worker. Suppose you clean out your house.

You disordered your house and you must put it in order. We blame bad people and the devil for our condition, but the trouble lies with us. While the devil may have tempted you, and bad people may have influenced you, it was your own will that yielded. Now God and good people will

help you to set the house right—but you must do it yourself.

Did any wife see a woman coming across the street this morning, with a mop under her arm, to clean up her house? No, and you won't see one if you look again, because every housekeeper has all she can do to look after her own home. Let us then attend to our own souls.

The house of repentance is out of order. I have been looking for a house that will not leak. If the rain falls long and hard enough, most houses will leak. As this famous hall is four stories underground and four stories aboveground, I will not look around for a leak, as I do when illustrating this point in our American churches. When we notice the little hole in the roof, if we would repair it immediately, we would save our ceiling.

When the first moral leak is detected, if we would repair it by the grace of God, it would save the polish of our soul from being erased.

I could give several definitions of repentance, but in this connection I will say, "Repentance is repair."

I visited in a family of thirteen, where every child would read the Bible and pray in the home. Each one was a member of the Methodist Church. The entire family took communion—filling up the altar railing first. It was the most Christ-like home I ever saw. On Sunday afternoon I was invited to join the family in the library. The father opened the Bible and read the lesson. Then before prayer he turned to his wife and asked: "Wife, have you seen anything in my life during the past week that was inconsistent?" (I said to myself, "I would be afraid to ask my wife a question like that in public." Wouldn't you?) She answered: "Husband, you have been so good and kind that it has been easy for us to be Christians."

After such questions had been asked and answered by every member of the family,

they knelt down and prayed to God. I understood, then, why it was such a Christian home. The house of repentance was being kept in order.

The house of prayer is also disordered. The breath of prayer is the best disinfectant in the home against the contagious diseases of the world, the flesh, and the devil. The reason why many fail in the Christian life is because we do not pray enough. It is impossible to be a Christian without constant prayer.

During a revival in America I was entertained in the home of a prominent old judge. It was the cleanest home physically I was ever in. In the dining room, the linen was white, the silver was bright, the china was shining. The aged judge pulled the chair back for his wife. She was more than threescore years old. He kissed her as she sat down at the table. He kissed her three times a day, at each meal, for ten days. If they had been young and just returned from

their honeymoon, one spooning like that would have been all my digestion could stand. But as they had been married over fifty years, I thought it was the sweetest scene that I had ever witnessed. Their Christian life was also sweet and happy.

One day I went up to my room, and upon entering it I saw the old judge by my bed, with his face buried in his hands, pouring out his soul to God in prayer. Arising from his knees, he placed his trembling hand on my shoulder, saying: "I will not apologize for this scene, but I will explain. It is my daily custom to make a round of the rooms and pray for those who occupy them. I begin with wife's room and thank God for the long, happy years we have spent together and ask that our declining days may be the brightest. Then I go to the room of my daughter, whose husband was recently killed in a mine, and plead with God to comfort and console her in her grief and sorrow." Then he added: "In an adjoining room sleep our

METHODIST REVIVAL SERVICE AT PRAGUE — WALT HOLCOMB, PREACHING; JOSEF DOBES, INTERPRETING

two fatherless little grandchildren. I bow at their small bed and pray that God may help us to bring them up for Christ. And as you are our guest, I have come into your room each day and knelt by your bedside, asking God to take care of your wife and babies at home, and to give you strength to preach the gospel to our people."

I put my arms around his neck and said: "I would to God that every home in the world had a saint like you to make a daily round of prayer like this." The house of prayer was in order. How much prayer does God hear in your home?

The reason that God gives for getting the house in order is that we are not going to stay here always.

People do not like to hear a minister preach about death. The only absolute certainty in life is death. Since I must die, I am going to think about it. I am not morbid. There has not been a day since I saw the first crape on a door facing, watched

the first hearse going to a cemetery, looked into the first open grave, but that I have wondered if my time would not be next. I want you to think about dying until you are ready to live.

Preaching from this text in an American university, before a body of law students, I closed the sermon by saying: "Young men, I am not going to tell you how to become great lawyers—your noble professors have instructed you well. You may never live to get your diploma, to hang up your shingle, or to appear in the court room. I want to know what will become of your soul when the young lawyer is dead. Therefore my text is: "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.' "

I dismissed the congregation, and while the crowd was going out, I noticed a small, frail man, who looked more like a Jap than an American, pushing his way through the crowded aisle to the platform. Placing his hand in mine, and speaking with a voice

more like the voice of a woman than a man, he said: "Mr. Holcomb, my name is R. G. Pearson." I shook his hand, looked into his keen, small, black eyes and said: "Dr. Pearson, I am so glad to meet you. When I was a boy I read about your wonderful revivals in the Southland. I always wanted to meet you." He replied: "Well, I am not preaching now. The last time I preached I fell over in the pulpit. My heart went back on me." "Yes, I remember reading about that," I answered. "About the same time the doctors told Dwight L. Moody and Sam P. Jones, the greatest American evangelists, the same thing. Neither one of them took the doctor's advice. They are both in their graves," I reminded him. Dr. Pearson said: "My physician did not want me to come out to the meeting. My heart is so treacherous that he was afraid it might stop. But I wanted to be in one of your services." Still clinging to my hand, the noted preacher said: "While you were

preaching to our law students about putting their houses in order, I sat in my seat and asked God to take a lighted torch and go through every nook, corner, and crevice of my being and see if there was a disordered niche." Continuing, he said: "I have made up with all my enemies, and love everybody. I have paid all my debts, and do not owe any man a cent. I went out to the cemetery and bought a plot of ground—just big enough to bury wife and myself—that is all the real estate I own. I have seen the undertaker and selected my casket. I have been down to the marble yard and chosen a marble slab to be placed at my grave." Then, with his wonderful eyes moistened with tears, gripping my hand tighter he added: "When you hear that this heart of mine has ceased to beat, you may know that the house was in order. If I had a thousand years in which to live, there is nothing more that I would do than I have done."

Some months afterwards I picked up one of our American papers and read an Associated Press dispatch which said: "Dr. R. G. Pearson, the distinguished Presbyterian minister and evangelist, died this morning while asleep in bed."

Set thine house in order—for thou shalt go away—and not come back.

III

CONFESSING TO CHRIST

Preached in the City of Prague, Underground Theater---"Velky Sal Lucerna"

Interpreted by Josef Dobes, a Native Bohemian

IF we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: but if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.

My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

III

CONFESSING TO CHRIST

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.)

IT is a sad fact that we are steeped in sin and that sin is embedded in us. The question that should concern us the most is: "How may I get out of sin and get sin out of me?" This simple Scripture answers our twofold inquiry better than any other in the Bible.

Listen to the first expression in the verse: "If we confess our sins." That includes each one of us, and represents the sins of our past lives. The other part of the text says: "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Thank God, that does away with every sin of thought, word, and deed that we have committed.

There are just two things in the text: One is our confession to Christ; the other is Christ's forgiveness and cleansing. It has been said that God will meet us halfway. But in this text he has done better than that. He promises to forgive and cleanse us. However, Jesus Christ conditions his cleansing and forgiveness upon our confession: "If we confess." This is another way of saying that if we will not confess God will not forgive.

There are two kinds of confession. One is a confession of Jesus Christ as the Son of God. If Jesus is not divine, you would be just as safe in confessing your sin to men as to him. There are people in Prague who deny the deity of Jesus Christ. I do not care who they are, what positions they occupy, what titles they possess, they are of the devil and on their way to hell.

If Jesus is not divine, then confess your sins to priests or preachers. But as he is the Son of God, he alone can forgive sin.

It is useless to confess your sins to any one else. Only the Son of God can forgive sin. Thank God, Jesus has power on earth to forgive sin. And, blessed be God, you don't need anybody, priest or preacher, to go between you and God. The vilest sinner in this big hall can get to Jesus with as much ease as a bishop, archbishop, or pope.

We must emphasize the necessity of confessing Jesus before the world before we consider confessing sin to him. It is absolutely necessary to confess Jesus Christ before men if you would be saved. Some of you are ashamed to come forward; some afraid; some too timid; others too stubborn. Many do not believe in it; well, the devil doesn't either, but Jesus does. In Matthew x. 32, 33, we read; "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." And to make it doubly strong, he makes this other statement: "But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will

I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

These verses are our authority for asking you to meet us for private instruction, or to go into the inquiry room, where we may talk with you personally about your salvation. In America people come forward and give the minister the hand, as a token of the confession of Christ as a personal Saviour. It is not so much the way you make it known to men as the fact that you surrender your heart and life to Christ. A good way to make this confession is to take upon yourself her vows when you join the Church—provided you do not believe in the infallibility of the Church to save, as the Roman Catholics do.

The confession mentioned in the text is that of our sins to Jesus Christ. After we acknowledge Jesus as Redeemer, we must confess our sins to him. This does not mean that we can count our sins one by one as if they were a string of beads, for they are as

the sands of the sea. We go into sin in the retail method, but get out in the wholesale way. It means that we turn over all the sins of our lives in a great lump before God. He remembers and can count them, as he blots them out from the book of remembrance.

We want to leave the hall with our sins forgiven. Therefore it is necessary that we know what the Bible means by confessing sin. Unless we know what it means it will be impossible for us to do it. There are three things implied in a confession of sin: I am sorry that I have sinned, I am sorry that I have sins in my life, and am sorry that I am a sinner.

No man will confess until he is sorry for his wrongs. You cannot coax him to confess. You cannot scare him into a confession. You could not take a derrick and lift a confession from his mouth. But it is easy to confess when we have a sense of contrition. Psalm li. 17: "The sacrifices

of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

When you have a fuss and a fight with your neighbor, you will not ask his forgiveness so long as you are sullen, but when you are sorry you will go to him and make your confession. At our headquarters in Nashville, in a revival, I saw two railroad men have a head-on collision, and fall into each other's arms. When I saw them hugging and beating each other in the back I ran to them and asked what it all meant. One of them said: "I am a conductor on a train going in and out of this city daily. This man is my engineer. A year ago he spoke harshly to me and I sent back words more cutting. Then he told me to shut my mouth. I asked him never to speak to me again. For the last year we have run the same train, he as engineer and I as conductor. We have not spoken to each other since." "But as I listened to the gospel," he continued, "I thought how sinful and

devilish I have been. I promised God that if I lived to see my engineer again I would confess my sin to him and ask for forgiveness. At the close of the service, I caught his eye and made a bee line for him. We put our arms around each other and that settled our misunderstanding. It's all over now and we love each other." That is the way folks make up when they are sorry. But when they are not sorry they say, "I'll meet you halfway." God bless you, when a man regrets a misunderstanding and wants to make up, he will go all the way. There is no halfway ground for people who are making up old grudges.

When a sinner becomes sorry for his sins he runs to the outstretched arms of Jesus, and Christ puts his arms of love about him and forgives him for all the sins he has committed. Are you sorry for your sins? If so, confess them to Christ and he will now forgive you.

The other thing that is implied in a con-

fession of sin to Christ is, I am so sorry for my past sins that, by the help of God, I will renounce them. The reason that many of you are unforgiven is because you have never given up your sins. You have confessed them in a way a thousand times, but you are still holding on to them. You have bowed before the altars of the church, knelt before the statue of the Virgin Mary, and told your sins to the priests, then have gone away to commit the same old sins again.

You must quit cursing, dancing, drinking, lying, stealing, and adultery, if you expect God to forgive you. One night I preached from this text in Portsmouth, and at the close of the sermon I looked out at the big crowd and shouted, "Men, cut it out." For a moment I had forgotten that the expression was street slang, but consoled myself with the thought that my crowd knew what I was talking about.

When I extended the invitation to accept

Christ, a man arose from the back seat, hurried down the central aisle, rushed up into the pulpit, grasped my hand, and said: "Mr. Holcomb, I cut it out." Then he turned and started toward his seat. Then twenty-five men arose from different parts of the church, shook his hand, and began to cry and hug him. One of the officers of the church asked me if I knew who the man was. I answered: "I thought he must be the mayor of the city, as the men made so much over him." He replied: "That man was Billy Williams, the biggest gambler in the city." "Well," I remarked, "he said, 'I cut it out.'"

Next morning when I came down to my breakfast at the hotel I sat down in a big leather chair, and presently a well-dressed man came down the stairway. Not seeing any one in the lobby, as everybody was at breakfast, he picked up a telephone receiver, and soon a young girl was talking with him. He was using very suggestive

language and I could tell that the young girl was trying to get off the line. I said: "Young man, cut it out." He hung up the receiver, came over where I was sitting, and said: "What have you got to do with it?" "Well," I answered, "it sounds like I had a lot to do with it." Said he: "Aren't you a traveling man?" I remarked: "I am a traveling preacher." "By George, you don't look like a preacher to me," he said. I responded: "If I had my collar on backwards, a long-tail coat, and a long face, I might not have caught you."

Said he: "Where do you preach?" I answered: "Anywhere in the world where I am invited. At present I am preaching at the Monumental Methodist Church." "Are you the minister who converted Billy Williams last night?" I asked: "What do you know about Billy Williams?" He said: "I ought to know a lot about him, as we have been on a big drunk together here in the hotel for the last week."

We looked out of the window and saw Billy Williams coming along the street with a new suit of clothes, shoes, and hat, with a brand-new suitcase in his hand. We stopped him and he came into the hotel. When his boon companion spoke, he said: "Billy, have you cut it out?" Billy answered: "Yes." His old friend asked, "Whisky, gambling, and bad women?" Billy replied: "Yes, I have given up all these sins. Whisky, gambling, and bad women ruined my life, and caused me to lose my money, my business, and my home."

I asked Billy where he was going, and he replied that one of our Church members had taken him to his home and this morning had given him a job as a traveling salesman. As we parted his last words were to his old companion as he begged him to give up his life of sin. I sat down and thought how hard it is to be an evangelist and to be away from wife and children. It was an awful pull at my heart-strings to put the Atlantic

Ocean between me and my loved ones to come and preach here in the Golden City of Prague—in this marvelous Hall of Lanterns. But one poor sinner like Billy Williams saved by the grace of God is worth all the sacrifice that ministers can make.

Presently the porter came to me and said: "Mr. Holcomb, that man wants to speak to you. I believe he is dying." I asked him where he was. He replied: "Behind the refrigerator, on the trash pile." When I reached the place, the poor fellow said: "You and Billy have nearly killed me. Billy and I were worth more than $50,000 apiece, but we began to drink, gamble, and go with bad women, until we lost our business and money. Our wives had to leave us and go back to their mothers and our little children had to leave us also."

Taking me by the hand, with the tears streaming down his dissipated face, he asked: "Do you think I could cut it out like Billy Williams did?" Pulling him to

his feet, I said: "No man has ever sunk so low but, if he will try, God can save him." Placing his arms around my neck, he shouted: "God helping me, I will cut it out like Billy Williams did." Therefore if you will give up your sins, God will save you. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

IV

WORK WELL DONE

Preached in the Golden City of Prague, to Our English Congregation in the Historic Church, St. Martins in the Wall, Erected in 1178

PHILIP saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very work's sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also: and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

IV

WORK WELL DONE

"I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." (John xvii. 4.)

WE have worked a meaning into the word "glory" that Jesus did not have in mind. We picture Christ walking around Palestine upon bursting sunbeams with a halo of glory around his head. There is no difference much in the dirt in Palestine and in Czecho-Slovakia. Christ did not have any kind of halo around his head. Our church artists have led us astray at this point.

Suppose we drop the word "glory" and substitute "honor." This will help us a little. And yet the word "honor" carries a meaning which few people catch. We instinctively think of great men like ex-President Woodrow Wilson and President

Thomas Masaryk and their wonderful achievements. Then we gasp for breath, shrug our shoulders, and say that such honor is only for a few men, every now and then.

We will drop the word "honor" and substitute the word "duty." This is an everyday word that we hear in the home, school, office, and shop. Every one of us knows the meaning of "duty."

To illustrate this thought, I will say that a young woman is working in one of your big stores in Prague. When the hour comes to quit work she has a bolt of silk spread out on the counter and is cutting away with her scissors, and when the gong sounds to quit she is just halfway through the pattern.

Now if she will turn to her customer and say, "You come back in the morning and I will finish cutting off the silk dress that you have bought and wrap it up for you," she will have done her duty by her firm, her customer, and herself. Nobody will have any kick coming. Duty is done.

But if she smiles and says to the customer, "Of course, you know it is time to quit, but I am a good-natured girl. I will stay awhile longer," and then wraps the parcel and hands it over to the customer, she has done more than duty required. She has honored her firm, her customer, and herself.

If she gets a still broader smile on her face, looks just a little sweeter, and says, "I am sure there are other purchases you want to make," the customer smiles and replies: "I did want a few trimmings, some lining, and some buttons to make my dress."

The young saleslady supplies her customer with these little extras and asks, "Are you quite sure this is all that you wanted to buy?" Now she has moved from the plane of honor into the realm of glory. She has glorified herself, her customer, and her firm. We used to think that glorifying one's self was doing something big. It is doing the little task in a big way.

Jesus was making his final report to his

Father in heaven. He had not only done his duty on the earth—he had gone further than duty would demand, and honored himself and his Father. He didn't stop there. He went the full length. He pulled out every stop of the organ of his being—sending forth the melodies and the music to brighten and cheer a sad world. He had glorified God while here on the earth.

Church members seem to be satisfied with merely doing their duty. They are ready to retire and turn the work over to younger hands. Doing your "duty" is not retiring ground. It is the place to begin to do your dead level best.

Some of you come out Sunday mornings and say, "Pastor, I have done my duty. I'll see you next Sunday." If you change your mind and return Sunday night, you will come to the platform and say, "Well, parson, I have honored you with my presence to-night." If you would come out to prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, you would

glorify yourself. If prayer meetings in Europe are attended as they are in America, the Lord knows they need touching up a little.

The next expression in the text is, "On the earth." Somebody is always putting religion in the air. I do not object to your getting your head up in the sky, but I do want you to keep your big feet down on the earth. Christianity as preached and practiced by Christ was for this world.

When I was a boy I saw a picture of Ben Franklin playing with his kite. As it fluttered up in the heavens, it was flirting with lightning. Ben wound up its string and pulled electricity out of the heavens and harnessed it on the earth. Our cities and homes are lighted and our machinery is propelled by this mysterious power.

Jesus Christ brings religion from heaven to earth, from the city of the New Jerusalem to the Golden City of Prague, from the mansions in heaven to the homes of earth.

Some folks say they are going to take their religion to heaven with them. Your religion will take you to heaven—if it is the religion of Jesus Christ. None of the human religions and pagan religions will get you to heaven. The religion of Christian Science may help your mind, but it can't do much for your soul. The religion of old Dr. Russell may deceive and delude you, but it is not likely to make you a saint. Pastor Russell preached in my city once and said: "We have turned the Atlantic Ocean on hell and put it out. Hell is now an extinct volcano." Since then Pastor Russell has died and I suspect he is better posted on hell than when I heard him.

This world is the place for us to practice Christianity. I heard a distinguished minister say: "When I die I expect God to send me on an evangelizing tour to Mars." I replied: "There is enough of evangelistic work in this world to keep a minister busy." If you ever expect to save anybody, you

had better go in and out on the meandering streets of Prague and work while you live. You will never have an opportunity in any other world to lead souls to Jesus Christ.

Some time ago a group of scientists tried to connect this earth and Mars with a big telephone. They sat all day with the receiver at their ears holloing, "Hello, hello." Then they listened all night and got discouraged and finally dropped the "o" from "hello" and hung up the receiver. They declared that they hadn't heard a word during the day or night. While I believe much that scientists say, this is one time I believed everything that they said. Therefore, if you want to help anybody, you had better connect up with this life.

The only thing we carry over from our service in this world to the world to come is our singing. While we preachers expect to get to heaven, there won't be any preaching. There will not be any collection of any kind taken over there. This will tickle

some Americans and Europeans. Singing is a sign of victory. When the armistice was signed the victor nations got out their tin horns, brass bands, and paraded the streets of our cities, while the bells rang and the engines whistled—releasing a pandemonium of noise, sound, and riot. Why? Because the world had whipped Germany. When Christianity conquers the world and we get home to heaven, we are going to sing and shout until all heaven joins in praise to God as we celebrate the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Christ says: "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." The "glory" consisted in work well done. Now God has given you as definite work to do as he gave to Jesus Christ. If you will finish your task day by day, then at the end of your life you may have the consciousness that you have finished the work that God assigned you.

The work that we have to do is threefold.

The first task that Jesus had was physical. He was a carpenter in the little town of Nazareth. Most people look upon work as being of the devil. That is why Bolshevism is spreading over Europe to-day. The cry everywhere is, "Down with capitalism." Nobody wants a job to-day. Everyone is looking for a position. A fellow who is too big to fill a job is too small to occupy a position.

The next work that God gives us to do is a mental work. I do not find any fault with the mental work that men do for themselves. Laboring men and leaders of capital have used their minds in bettering their condition, and there is a more equitable distribution of wealth among laborers and capitalists. But these same men, whether working with brain or brawn, have never used their minds in making Christianity a vital force in the world. Some men who have thought for the spiritual welfare of mankind have been martyred. Long ago

the greatest man that the Czech nation has ever produced and the best friend that the people of Bohemia had was dragged from a cell and burned at a stake.

But the spirit of John Huss now hovers over Czecho-Slovakia, and the religious freedom for which he gave his life is a priceless heritage to-day.

The last work that we are expected to do is a spiritual undertaking. Man is not only physical and mental, but spiritual. Each side of his nature must express itself in some kind of work. The world is suffering to-day from a lack of spiritual efforts. There are men and women walking the streets of Prague who need spiritual assistance. Drunkards, gamblers, harlots, and worldlings are moving in droves from one place of amusement and sin to find another dive of iniquity, where they can satisfy their depraved appetites and passions. The Catholic and Protestant churches of Czecho-Slovakia should not be satisfied until they

have rescued this wonderful city from the power of the devil.

The best way to die is to follow the example of Jesus. His dying words were, "It is finished." While the redemption of a lost world was accomplished, he also had in mind finishing the manual, mental, and moral work that God had given him to do.

While in the agony of death on the cruel cross, he thought of a dying thief, took him out of the hand of the devil, and gave him a place by his side in paradise. While I like to think of a sinner being saved at the last hour of his life, to me it is a more glorious thought to think of Christ snatching the last opportunity to win a lost soul to himself.

When you come to die, the heavens may open before your eyes, and you may behold the shining ones around the throne and hear the songs of the redeemed and glorified—but if above and beyond all that glorifies a deathbed you can have the assurance that

you have finished the work that God gave you to do in the world, this will be a more glorious way to die. As John Huss said, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit," with the assurance that the flames had not consumed his quivering body until he had completed his work on earth—this is a delightful way to die that no sinner has ever known. May your last hour be one in which you may fold your hands across your breast and say, with the poet:

"Not a wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast."

V

CHOOSE CHRIST

Preached at Warsaw, Poland, in Amerykanska Misja Metodystow

Interpreted by Paul Kowalski, a Native of Poland

AND Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord: for he is an holy God; he is a jealous God; he will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins. If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you hurt, and consume you, after that he hath done you good. And the people said unto Joshua, Nay; but we will serve the Lord. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him. And they said, We are witnesses. Now therefore put away, said he, the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel. And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.

V

CHOOSE CHRIST

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."
(Joshua xxiv. 15.)

AFTER the services which have preceded I feel that the hour has come when you should choose Christ as your own Saviour.

You have reached the forks of the road and do not know which way to go. If you stand still, you are doomed; if you go back, the night of superstition will encircle you; if you take the wrong way, you grope in darkness the remainder of your life. There is but one safe course—choose the way of Christ. Follow him regardless of the consequence. This is God's command. We must obey him even though we do not understand all that is involved. Therefore, cross the bridge and burn it, as if pursued by an approaching army; and never retrace your steps. Rest your soul in the thought of having made the right decision.

The first word in the text is "choose." I hold in my hand a key, a knife, and a Bible. Can you choose between three objects? No, you can only choose between two objects. Now, I lay aside the Bible and hold the knife and key. You can choose between these. Do you see the difference? If so, answer me "Yes." I thank you.

As the word "choose" is used in our text we must decide between Jesus and the devil. There is nothing else to do. Now, let us take a look at Jesus Christ and the devil to see which one we prefer. Did you ever see a picture of the devil? Did he have an ugly face, with horns on the side of his head, with pointed chin, a long arrow-like tail, cloven hoofs, and talon-like claws? Yes, I see you recognize him. The devil looks the same to everybody; he looks the same to a philosopher and to a peasant. The great poet Coleridge said:

"The devil is in a jacket of red and breeches of blue,
And a round hole for his tail to come through."

I am sure evéry one of you has seen a portrait or a painting of Jesus Christ. It represented Jesus as being great, good, and gracious. His wonderful love was also depicted in every line of his careworn face. There is quite a contrast between Christ and Satan. Which do you like better? Suppose you answer me again. I am glad that you like the looks of Jesus better than the devil.

Did you ever hear anything good about the devil? No; there is nothing good to say about him. He is the father of sin. Such sins as lying, stealing, drinking, gambling, and all other sins originated with him. The Bible says: "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do: he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it." (John viii. 44.)

Did you ever hear any one say a bad

thing about Jesus Christ? You have heard bad things about priests, and perhaps other preachers, but a man would have to be very low and mean to say anything ugly about Jesus. We have heard only good things about him. He is the one who lived without sin, went about doing good, loved and helped everybody, and finally went to Calvary and died on the cross for the world.

Now, as I have pictured Jesus and Satan before you, which one do you want to serve? Will you be the abject slave of the devil, or the free servant of Jesus? Those of you who will say, "I want to serve Jesus," raise your hand. That is right. Thank you. Now hold yourself to this decision.

There are two ways—the broad way and the narrow way. At the entrance of the broad way is the wide gate and many people enter it because it is so easy; at the entrance of the narrow way is the strait gate. There are not so many who will go through it, because it is quite difficult. The narrow gate

is so small that you cannot enter if you are holding back even one pet sin. You can go the broad way and carry all your sins.

Now, the devil heads the procession in the broad way. All sorts of people follow him—drunkards, gamblers, liars, thieves, harlots, and bolshevists. Do you want to go with that gang? Please answer "Yes" or "No." Good for you. Matthew vii. 13 reads: "For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

Jesus leads the forces in the narrow way. He takes them through the strait gate. Only the good people follow Jesus in the narrow way. Let us look and see who they are and what they do. In America our Pilgrim Fathers and their families traveled in the narrow way. President Harding and Woodrow Wilson go the narrow way. In our Declaration of Independence the name of God and Religious Liberty are spelled with capital letters.

We will not elect a man Governor or President who does not believe in Jesus Christ. In America Protestant churches are on the front streets and other churches take the back streets. These are some of the things that make America great.

The Methodists, with their relief work feeding the hungry and clothing the naked here in Poland, are in the narrow way. Our Methodist schools, where you get a Christian education, and our Methodist orphanages, where we take care of your little children and those whose parents may have been killed during the war—these are located along the narrow way. Methodist Christians are trying to undo the works of the devil and give everybody a chance to lead the Christian life. Few people go in the narrow way because they are unwilling to pay the price of sacrifice. However, I want to be one of the few—don't you? Remember, Matthew vii. 14 says: "Enter ye in at the strait gate; because strait is the

gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Some people say that they are not good enough to be in the narrow way and are not bad enough to be in the broad way. There is no neutral ground. You are either in the narrow way, going to heaven; or you are in the broad way, going to hell. If you are about half good and half bad, Jesus gives the devil the advantage of the doubt and puts you on the devil's side. Listen to the words of Christ in Matthew xii. 30: "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

At the end of the broad and narrow ways there are two places—heaven and hell. Heaven is at the end of the narrow way, while hell is at the end of the broad way. Now you see, if you follow Jesus, you will go to heaven when you die. If you follow the devil, you will certainly go to hell. There is nowhere else for you to go. Once you are

there you will never get out. Hell is not a purgatory, where you have a second chance. Dante said: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." You will want to get out, but there will be no way of escape. Stay out while you are out.

On the other hand, if you choose Christ as your Saviour, and walk by faith in the narrow way, you will spend eternity in heaven. Jesus will give you the best of this life, if you will serve him here; and in the world to come he will give you a place with himself. Mark x. 29, 30 says: "And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

Notice, please, the expression, "for my

sake, and the 'gospel's." We must not follow Christ just to get food, clothes, or a job, but because it is right. And the other expression, also—"with persecutions" —teaches us that we may have to suffer for choosing Christ. Some of you dear people have already had to break with your fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, since you made this choice. God bless you. If you break with the Romish Church and join the Methodist Church, you may be denied a religious marriage, you may be refused the communion, you have no promise of a burial in a cemetery, and may be dumped in the potter's field; but Jesus will know where to find you in the resurrection, and he will give you a place at the right hand of the Father.

Now, I have preached about everything in the text except two words. Can you tell me what they are? Find them while I read the text slowly: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Ah, yes, I thank

you. "This day." That means to choose now. You cannot put it off till to-morrow. James iv. 14: "Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And you may not be alive to-morrow.

St. Paul says: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." You ought not to leave this Mission until you make up your mind to be a Christian. You say that you do not understand it in your mind, and cannot feel it in your heart. Just decide anyway, whether you understand or feel. There are many things that we do not understand, and salvation is not feeling. It is a question of choice, surrender, and faith. In the language of the song, say:

> "Here, Lord, I give myself to thee:
> 'Tis all that I can do."

At the close of my first service in Dallas, Tex., a young man put his arms around me,

weeping, and said: "Mr. Holcomb, when you were a college student in Virginia, you came out to our country Sunday school and made a talk on 'Choosing Christ.' My little twin brother and I, with our bare feet and homemade clothes, gave you our hand and chose Jesus as our Saviour. Sometime after that our precious mother died, and I do not know what would have become of brother and myself if we had not chosen Jesus." Continuing, he said: "Father moved to Texas and brother and I finished in the high school. He secured a position with the Cotton Belt Railway and is now president of the Epworth League in Centenary Church, St. Louis. I got a position with the president of the *Dallas Morning News* and am at the head of the Epworth League work in the First Methodist Church in Dallas." Then he continued: "There has not been a day since you led us to Jesus that we have not knelt in prayer and prayed for you. I could hardly wait for your

meeting to begin to tell you what Jesus Christ has meant to our home. Brother and I have decided that, if all the world should turn away from Jesus Christ, we will be true to him till the end. All that we have and are we attribute to the decision that we made when we chose him as our Saviour."

If you should search the world over, I do not believe that you could find two finer young men. Won't you choose Jesus as your Saviour? Then, in years to come, you may look back to this hour of decision as the turning point in your life not only for godliness, but for greatness.

"If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God—
And the only God—I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!"

VI

AN ERRING BROTHER

Preached at Prague, Ancient Cápital of Bohemia, in "Velky Sal Lucerna"

Interpreted by Josef Dobes, a Native Bohemian

AND Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves? And he said, He that showeth mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

VI

AN ERRING BROTHER

"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." (Jas. v. 19, 20.)

WHEN the first man was lost in the world, God sought him and inquired, "Adam, where art thou?" When the first man was missing from the earth, God found his brother and asked, "Cain, where is Abel thy brother?" When two men appeared in the world, there was born individual responsibility for each other.

But the world is still asking with stinging sarcasm, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Like Cain, we are our brother's slayer rather than his keeper. In America there are one million drug addicts. There are thousands suffering from the evils of intemperance. There are four million dis-

abilities a year from accidents. How many millions of dope fiends, depraved women, inebriates, and war casualties can Europe add to the list of unfortunates?

Europe has just emerged from a war of wholesale and massed murder. Now, the Churches are trying to establish a world brotherhood. This brotherhood will be realized when everybody plays the part of a brother.

No erring brother ever gets too low to be a man. It matters not how rough he may be on the outside, he still may have a golden heart. Rags sometimes cover royalty. The reason I love Robert Burns is because he wrote

"A man's a man for a' that."

Our text is addressed to brethren about their erring brothers: "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth." It is easy for a good person to go wrong. Alexander Pope said:

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

Our erring brothers are very human and we want them to share the divinity of forgiveness.

Through reading bad literature and associating with evil companions, we get an erroneous idea of life. When we forsake the fundamental teachings of the Bible, and run off after the philosophy of sinful men, we are erring from the truth as it is in Christ.

We shall make two trips through the text: First, as an exploring party to see what we can find. The first thing we dig up is "error." "If any of you do err from the truth." This is a small beginning. Error is a tiny speck on the brain. The Vistula River starts with a little spring on the other side of the Carpathian Mountains, but deepens and widens as it crosses Poland, until it empties into the Baltic Sea. A sinful idea may start in the mind and permeate the entire life. The place to be on guard is at the threshold of the mind.

The second thing that we find is "sin." We discover this fact by implication. The text discloses this implied truth. "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way." An error in the mind will develop into sin in the life. It is said: "It makes no difference what you believe, just so you live right." It does makes a difference; you cannot think wrong and live right.

The Niagara River has a place known as the dead line. Above this line you can row a little boat with safety. But if your boat crosses the dead line, you will be carried by the whirling waters over the big falls and hurled against the bowlders below, resulting in certain death. Once sin gets a good start in your heart, it will break out in your life and you will be swept along to sure destruction.

The third discovery we make is that of "a multitude of sins." The text says, "Shall hide a multitude of sins." It is

alarming how fast sin will accumulate and pile up. After a few years of constant sinning, a man will behold a multitude of mountain-like sins in his life. They may get him in such a place that it is almost impossible for him to extricate himself. The load may become so heavy that he will feel that life is not worth living. Many a sinner has been driven to the prison cell or the gallows by the sins that had gathered about him. Others have committed suicide as they have been surrounded by sin. As sins multiply the coil tightens around the condemned sinner.

The last revelation is the nearness of hell. Listen to these fearful words: "Shall save a soul from death." As you are going the downward way—pushed on by the momentum of your sins—the gate of hell is near by and stands wide open. No wonder that so many persons are losing their immortal souls. If you have passed by the mile-posts of error, sinner, big sinner—the dump-

ing ground is in sight, where lost sinners spend eternity. God pity a man who has gone all the gaits of sin and is so near the gate of destruction. Along this road the lights go out—on the way to hell, where the sinner enters into outer darkness.

Now let us make another trip down through the text. The first time we shall go as a wrecking crew. There has been a wreck down the line. Men, women, and children are bruised, bleeding, and dying. Then, let us go as a rescuing party. Human beings are out in the deep water. One by one they are sinking, drowning, and perishing. And last we shall go as a Red Cross corps. Men have been wounded, maimed, and mangled. The agonizing cry for help comes from the parched throats. We must hasten and hurry to their rescue before they despair, perish, or die.

Here is where we can act the part of a brother. "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him." It

is the work of Christian brothers to convert their wandering brothers. We must change the wrong ideas of men to right ideas. We must lift them from low ideals to lofty ideals—that is, convert them from the error of their ways. It requires a personal touch and a human effort.

While the Allies were fighting in Europe for their very existence, our American people at first were so opposed to war that they did not believe in fighting. President Woodrow Wilson made a speech on "Preparedness." The papers published it throughout the nation. He urged us to place our American boys by the side of the boys of Belgium, Italy, France, and England—where many of your noble Czechs were fighting—and that speech converted America to come to the rescue of Europe.

If a statesman can take political facts and change people, I believe Christian people can take the truths of the Bible, energized by the Holy Spirit, and convert

people from sin and superstition to the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. O that Christian people would start on a converting crusade and bring this old lost world back to the Bible, back to the Church, and back to God.

As an incentive to work for the salvation of souls, the text suggests two things: First, we shall help our brother to rid himself of sin; second, we shall save a soul from being lost. Let me read this part of the text: "And shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." There is no greater work that you can do for your neighbor than that.

A doctor has done a big thing when he saves your body from disease and death; a professor has done a greater work when he saves your mind from ignorance and illiteracy; but a Christian has done the biggest thing when he saves your soul from sin and hell. You may forget the doctor who healed you, the professor who taught

you, but you will never forget the Christian who saved you. The most permanent service that you can render is to help one of your neighbors to become a Christian.

In the story of the Good Samaritan we find one man playing a brother's part. Along the rough road from Jerusalem to Jericho an unfortunate man fell among thieves and robbers. They had stripped him and left him for dead.

A priest came along and was unwilling to help him, as this did not come within his official duties, and perhaps as there were no earthly eyes to see the act and reward him.

Then came along a Levite. He looked upon him in his helpless condition and turned a cold shoulder to him in his hour of helplessness. He merely satisfied his sordid curiosity, and was less generous than the passing priest.

Finally, a Samaritan came along the way, saw him, and was moved to compassion.

He applied simple remedies as he bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine. Then he set him on his own beast and brought him to the inn. He paid for his lodging for several days. Before leaving, he said to the innkeeper: "Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." His spontaneous pity showed that he had a heart. The world is wounded by the evil passions of unscrupulous men. We need a Good Samaritan to come along the pathway of life and bind up the wounds of the world.

There is something in the heart of man which responds to the service that Christianity imposes upon the followers of Christ. A few evenings ago, while I was preaching to you, and those of you on the first floor had your faces turned upward and those of you in the galleries had your faces turned downward—while all of you were leaning forward listening—I saw a man away up yonder in the top gallery arise and start

off. I was sorry, because I had not seen any one leave the building during a service. I wanted to tell our people, when I returned to America, how anxious you are to hear the gospel.

A few minutes later I looked up and noticed him walking about on the second balcony. As I continued to preach, he disappeared. Again, I saw him wending his way around the marble stairway of the first balcony. Later he appeared on the steps leading down to the first floor of this hall. Then I saw him coming down the long central aisle.

I began to wonder what he had in mind. I thought perhaps I had offended him, and that he was coming to the front to do me bodily harm. As he walked toward me I continued to preach to you. I watched every movement he made. But while preaching I thought of my wife and children on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. I recalled the last words I heard my baby

girl say to her little brother—"We'll never see our papa any more"—as I kissed them good-by.

I knew there are cranks in Prague just as there are cranks in America. I remembered that preachers and priests had been shot at the altars of the church.

When he got near, I saw his hands swinging by his side and tears filling his eyes. Then I knew that he did not wish to harm me. When a man comes forward during preaching with tears in his eyes, I know he does not carry a gun in his pocket to kill the preacher.

As he extended his hand, you heard him say in your own Czech language, "I was so hungry for your Christ that I could not wait until you finished preaching." Then one after another arose in different parts of the building and came around the front. That scene was more like Pentecost than anything I have witnessed, either in America or Europe. That was the most blessed in-

terruption I have had during my ministry. The tears that I saw flowing down your cheeks, and the handkerchiefs that wiped away those sympathizing tears, will be an inspiration to me the remainder of my life. His coming and our rejoicing were the responses of our hearts to the call of Christ for service.

While poor old Europe is prostrated and confusion is everywhere—with much of poverty and penury—the biggest thing you can do is to consecrate your life to God and win the souls of your lost brothers to the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us hold out a helping hand to our tired, sick, weary, and weak, but hungry, brothers—hungry for that Living Bread.

VII

SCARLET SINS

Preached in Bruxelles, Belgique, in the Methodist Mission to Our Flemish Congregation

Interpreted by W. G. Thonger, a Frenchman

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest and be clear when thou judgest.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean! wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

VII

SCARLET SINS

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.)

GOD is a reasonable Being. He may not follow the law of reasoning like man—but may reach conclusions intuitively —more like the process of a woman's reasoning.

God wants us to be reasonable human beings. The right kind of thinking will make us reasonable. "Let us reason together, saith the Lord." When we reason together, we reason reasonably. When we reason unreasonably, we reason apart. God wants you to reason with him, so that he and you may get together.

God asks us for a conference with himself. Some people have thought that God

sat upon an imperial throne cracking a whip over his slave subjects. That was more like the ex-Kaiser of Berlin, who wanted to push his throne higher and make his whip longer and crack it louder, until it was heard throughout the world. Therefore he considered the Treaty with Belgium as a "scrap of paper" and sent his army through your little country, leaving devastation and death in its path.

When America realized his unworthy ambition for world conquest, it joined the Allies in their effort to destroy militarism. While the world says, "America turned the tide in the war," I want to assure you that little Belgium held back the ongoing tide until Great Britain, France, and America, with the other Allies, could stop the wave of destruction.

God is not like the Kaiser, who escaped to Holland, or like Napoleon, who was exiled to St. Helena. This afternoon I stood on the battle field of Waterloo, where

Napoleon had his ambition wrecked for world conquest. Everywhere I looked, I seemed to read the words of Victor Hugo: "Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite and his fall was decreed. He vexed God. Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer: No! Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No! Because of God." Thus far and no farther was the decree of God.

God does not want people slaughtered. God is more like our earthly father than these grasping, murderous monarchs. He loves us and wants to protect our lives—not destroy them.

I like the democracy of the Declaration of Independence, but I like the democracy of the Bible better. I love the democracy of Woodrow Wilson, but I love the democracy of Jesus Christ better. The democracy of Belgium and King Albert stirs me, but the democracy of the kingdom of God and Jesus Christ thrills me through and through.

We do not need any one to come between us and God. If you were to visit my country, it would be a little difficult for you to see my President. I should like to meet your democratic King, but this would be quite difficult. I would have to have somebody to act as go-between; but to meet God, we do not need any one to act as intermediary. The humblest person has as free access to God as any king or potentate. I like that in God. I love God for that.

God wants to reason with us concerning our sins. "Though your sins," saith the Lord. Jesus knows that sin is at the bottom of all our troubles. If he can straighten us out on the question of sin, he will have no trouble with us on any other question. Many a man has lost his job on account of sin. Men are locked behind prison doors who might be at home with their families, had it not been for the sins that they committed against society. The poverty in Europe on account of the World War is a

direct result of the sins of nations. God is anxious to go on to the taproot of all our troubles.

While Jesus Christ is interested in feeding, clothing, and sheltering us, he is more interested in cleansing our hearts from sin, feeding our souls on the bread of life, and clothing us with his garments of righteousness. We are thankful to God for these daily necessities, but we must show our gratitude by receiving his spiritual benefits also.

God is also willing to confer with you as to how you got into a life of sin. It may have been through ignorance, as you may not have had a Bible to read for yourself. Perhaps it has been through superstition, as you have heard more of that than you have of the sinfulness of sin. In some instances sin has been more of an accident than a willful act on your part. But we are guilty before God, regardless of how sin entered into our hearts and lives. Therefore

we must feel our personal responsibility for sin and not place the blame upon any one else. Then there is hope of our forgiveness by Jesus Christ.

The best of all is that God is anxious to talk with us about our worst sins. "Though they be as scarlet; though they be red like crimson." The streets of Brussels are crowded with scarlet women. By their side are crimson men, who go with them into the way of hell. In high places, among the prominent and wealthy, there are men and women with rings, bracelets, *lavallieres*, watches, and necklaces—studded with diamonds and other precious stones—whose sins are as crimson as the sapphire, garnet, and ruby stones that bedeck their debauched bodies. O that your character might be as fragrant as the flowers of Flanders!

Our sins are of varied colors, running from the crimson type to the most bloody hue. Jesus Christ, however, will help us out of

our degradation and shame. If you commit some of these scarlet sins, the police will hunt, hound, and haunt you till they put you in prison or to death. But God pursues your sins and follows you that he may forgive you—instead of making you suffer for your wrongdoing. God had rather forgive your sin than to punish you for sin.

God is not satisfied until he reasons with us about the way to get rid of our sins. While he is concerned about everything that hurts or helps us, the greatest anxiety of his loving heart is to be able to free us from the galling yoke of sin. Listen again to the words of the text: "They shall be as white as snow; they shall be as wool." These words show us how God removes the guilt of our crimson sins. Like a slaughtered lamb, with blood clots of wool around its stabbed heart, whose crimson wool is washed in the fuller's soap and made white, fleecy, and snowy—so God will take our sin-stained lives and wash them whiter than

the snow. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

There have been three conferences held in heaven. The first was presided over by God our Father, when he decided to make man in his moral likeness. In the garden of Eden he made the first man and the first woman. They were happy until the old devil, in the form of the slimy serpent, crawled into the garden and climbed up into the tree of knowledge and tempted Adam and Eve to distrust and disobey God.

Their conscience drove them from the presence of the Lord, and an angel with a flaming sword guarded the entrance. Since then man has lived by the sweat of his brow. All the sorrows of life and the horrors of war can be traced back to sin. Europe is now suffering from the consequence of sin.

The other conference was held at the suggestion of Jesus Christ, the only begotten and well-beloved Son of the Father.

As the law of God had been broken by man's sin, some one had to pay the penalty. The offending sinner should have suffered the consequence and penalty of his sin. The death sentence should have been passed upon the sinner.

In conferring with God, our Saviour Jesus Christ proposed to come to this world and take upon himself our nature and form, and die in our place and for our sin. In John iii. 16 we read: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Jesus did not die to make God love us, but died because God loved us. God has always loved the sinner. The great love of the Father sent Jesus Christ to our rescue; and, because of the love of Jesus, he came to redeem us on the cross with his own precious blood. He has returned to the Father in heaven and is still interceding for us. It was a mutual love.

The last conference was under the guidance of God, the Holy Spirit. While men had been redeemed through Christ, it would avail nothing unless Christ became a personal Saviour to those who have been included in his death on the cross. Therefore the Holy Spirit, at the suggestion of Christ, came into the world to remain with us always. Before Christ went away he said: "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." (John xvi. 7.)

The Holy Spirit is with us to convict of sin. When we feel a sense of guilt, that is the Holy Spirit speaking to us. We should obey his voice and repent of our sins. If we will confess them to Christ—not men—the Holy Spirit will give us new hearts, and we will find it easy to lead the Christian life.

We finish with the first expression in the text, "Come now." This closes the argument—not opens it. All the facts are in.

We are sinners. Jesus is a Saviour. The way is open for acquittal. Will you let the jury bring in a verdict—"Not guilty"?

We have now come to the most important part of my message. Unless you will appropriate the work of Christ on the cross, it will amount to nothing so far as you are concerned. The only way that Jesus Christ can save us is by applying to our hearts the blood that he shed for our sins. This does not mean that at the Lord's Supper the bread and wine are the real body and the real blood of Jesus Christ, but they represent his sacrifice for our sins. By faith in Jesus Christ we apply his atonement for our sins. His blood means his life. He gave his life as a ransom for sin.

As we have sinned and sin has stained us with guilt, we need to be cleansed by the preciuos blood. As we have been poisoned, we need the remedy which Christ has provided for us. If we will accept it, we shall be healed of our diseased condition.

There is no other hope of cleansing and healing. Water cannot wash away the stains of sin. Time cannot ease an outraged conscience. Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth say:

> "Yet here's a spot.
> Out, damned spot! out, I say!
> What! will these hands ne'er be clean?
> Here's the smell of the blood still:
> All the perfumes of Arabia
> Will not sweeten this little hand."

Our scarlet and crimson sins are double-dyed in guilt—dipped twice in the crimson cesspool of iniquity. To remove them will require a plunge into "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."

In Revelation xxii. 17 Jesus said: "And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." As you would take a glass of water from the hand of your friend, so you must take the water of life from the pierced hand of Jesus Christ—the sinner's friend.

In America, where I live, one day I was

in Atlanta, the biggest city in my State. Starting up in an elevator in one of our skyscrapers, the elevator boy saw a mother weeping, as she held a little baby crying in her arms. She begged him to lower the lift and take her up on that trip. The kind-hearted black boy reversed the lever and dropped the elevator to the first floor.

When the mother with her baby entered the elevator, I saw the blood, around the baby's upper lip, oozing from a torn hole, that looked as if it had been punctured by a dull awl. I inquired, "Mother, what has happened to the baby's lip?" With the tears streaming down her cheeks and with a tremor in her voice, she said: "A mad dog bit my baby in the mouth and I am trying to get to a remedy." We have been bitten by the old mad dog—the devil—and unless we get to Jesus Christ, the remedy, we shall all likewise perish.

VIII
OUR SALVATION

Preached in Danzig, Free State, Immanuel Gemeindehaus der Methodistenkirche

Interpreted by S. Rasmussen, a German

AND a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple; who seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple asked an alms. And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. And all the people saw him walking and praising God.

VIII

OUR SALVATION

"What must I do to be saved?"
"Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE world is asking two big questions: "What must civilization do to be saved?" "What must Christianity do to be saved?" This includes the salvation of nations and denominations. If the individual is saved, the Church will be saved. If the Church is saved, the world will be saved.

A bigger and more basic question is, "What must *I* do to be saved?" This first text is the only complete question relating to personal salvation. While there are other verses that raise the question of salvation, this is the only one that fully asks it.

On the day of Pentecost, amid the out-

pouring of the Holy Spirit, the convicted sinners asked, "What shall we do?" In their half-surprised, half-dazed, and half-confused condition, they asked an incomplete question. The convicted Roman jailer sounded the depths of his soul when he inquired, "What must I do to be saved?"

Our second Scripture is the only complete answer in the Bible bearing on man's salvation. "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." On the day of Pentecost Peter said: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." He emphasized repentance to those Jews whose hands were still bloody from crucifying Jesus. He said nothing about faith, because he knew that they had to repent before they could believe.

The Apostle Paul in dealing with the Roman jailer said nothing about repentance, but urged faith in Jesus Christ. The reason was, the jailer had already repented, and

there was no use urging him to repent. What he needed was to believe, therefore Paul said: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But faith is just half of the condition of personal salvation. The complete answer is summed up in Paul's words: "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

The question indicates the necessity of doing something. While Protestantism does not require any kind of penance as does Roman Catholicism, most people impose a penance upon themselves. We must do "repentance"—not "penance." There is no part of petty penance that will amount to the snap of your finger. Martin Luther crawled on his hands and knees up the steps of St. Peter's, at Rome, in an effort to get rid of his sins, but found the burden heavier when he reached the top of the steps. He returned home, nailed his theses on the door of the cathedral at Wittenberg, and redis-

covered to the world—"The just must live by faith." Repentance is a change of mind rather than a change of task.

There are two kinds of repentance. One is a godly repentance; the other is a worldly repentance. Everybody repents sometime in life. But it may not be toward God. It can be toward the world. When he had sold Jesus for thirty pieces of silver, Judas Iscariot repented toward the world, and went out and hanged himself. When a fellow commits suicide, he repents like Judas. But when Simon Peter denied Jesus, he went out and wept bitterly, repented toward God, was forgiven, and joined the other disciples in their work.

That was godly repentance. In 2 Corinthians vii. 10 St. Paul says: "For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death." Godly repentance produces humility; worldly repentance produces humiliation. Peter was very much

humbled after his godly repentance, while Judas was very much humiliated after his worldly repentance. Peter's repentance resulted in life; Judas's repentance resulted in death.

There are also two kinds of faith: head-faith and heart-faith. Head-faith is the assent of the mind to a fact. Napoleon came to Danzig on his way from Russia, after his defeat at Moscow. With his scattered and starved soldiers, in the snow and sleet he camped for a while in Danzig. You believe this historical fact. This is head-faith. You believe it, although you did not see it.

There are people who believe that Jesus Christ lived in Palestine, and was crucified under Pontius Pilate. However, that kind of faith is merely an intellectual assent. It does not save a man from his sin. The devil believes all that. Head-faith can neither save nor damn a man. Germany has given the world a rationalistic theology

that has raised doubts as to the Virgin birth of Christ and the physical resurrection of Jesus Christ. While men have gone to extremes in destructive Bible criticism, it is merely a head-faith when we form our beliefs about historical criticism. This in itself may not damn you, but it may lead you on step by step until your heart will be involved, and then your soul will be endangered.

Heart-faith is a consent of the will. The Bible uses the words "will" and "heart" in the same sense. It is this faith of the heart that saves us, or the lack of it that damns us. The heart is also the seat of unbelief. The Bible says: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." The reason he did not say it in his head is because a fool has no head. Some folks think it is smart to be an infidel or a skeptic, but it is the sign of a rotten heart rather than of a ripe mind.

When your heart consents for Jesus to

control your life, that is heart-faith and your soul is saved. Just as a good woman consents in her heart to marry the man she loves, so a sinner consents in his heart for Jesus Christ to live with him. St. Paul says: "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. x. 10.)

While the Bible does not require "good works" as a condition of salvation, Protestants, like Catholics, seem to feel that good deeds will merit everlasting life. We do not work to be saved, but we work because we are saved. All the good deeds of a long and well-spent life cannot bring salvation. We must remember this, as we are in great danger at this point. As the text would suggest, we do not do "works," but have "faith." Paul says: "Faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

One day I was going to Chicago. When I reached the union depot a ticket agent

said to me that he had a little boy whose father had died and whose mother had asked him to place the child in the care of the conductor and send him to her in Chicago. In my presence the railroad friend asked the little fatherless boy: "Would you rather go with Mr. Holcomb or the conductor?" The little fellow had a serious look and began to size me up. My friend told him that I was a preacher and said many nice things to him about me. The little fellow smiled. All children like a preacher. They know a good thing when they see it.

When the train was announced, the agent said: "Will you go with the preacher or the conductor?" The little boy put his arms up and said to me, "I'll go with you." When we reached our destination, I saw a mother dressed in deep mourning, with her black veil pulled aside, and I saw the tears filling her eyes as she watched for her baby boy. Seeing him, she threw her arms around him, hugged and kissed him, and

said: "Thank God, my little boy is home at last."

When I was a mere child I had heard good things about Jesus Christ, just as the little boy had heard my friend speak well of me. With my head I believed that Jesus was the "Rose of Sharon," the "Lily of the Valley," the "Bright and Morning Star," and the "Prince of Peace." But this intellectual assent did not lift the burden of sin from my heart.

One day He said: "Son, will you give me your heart?" I threw up my hand in absolute surrender. I consented in my heart to make him my Saviour and Master. He took charge of my life, and has guided my steps on land and sea until this good hour. Some day when I reach the end of the way and he welcomes me home, I will ascribe all honor and glory to him.

The most important thing in the text is salvation. Salvation is threefold. First, salvation from the pollution of sin. That is,

the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses our heart and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ pardons our sins. This gives us conscious conversion. Second, salvation from the power of sin. It is a most humiliating thing to feel that you are a slave to anything or to anybody. To be the slave of sin and Satan is a most galling experience. Jesus Christ will give us power to overcome our secret and public sins. Third, salvation from the penalty of sin. St. Paul says: "The wages of sin is death." Ezekiel says: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." God will save us from the eternal punishment of our sins. This is salvation from hell to heaven. I do not mean that he will let you spend awhile in purgatory, then take you out of hell into heaven. But that salvation here will keep you from going to hell. If the love of Jesus Christ cannot keep you from going to hell, it cannot get you out of hell after you are dead.

While repentance and faith are the Bible

conditions of personal salvation, they do not merit salvation. We must remember that salvation is a gift from God. It is the most priceless possession.

There are three ways of coming into possession of property. You may inherit it from your parents or relatives, but you cannot inherit salvation from good parents. The best parents sometimes have the worst children. You may work and buy property with your hard-earned money, but you cannot buy salvation. There are not enough presses in Germany with capacity large enough to run off enough German marks to buy a pinch of salvation. In fact, there is not enough gold in the vaults of all the treasuries of all the nations of the world to purchase salvation.

Some people have stolen the property that is in their possession. Many of your rich monarchists have robbed the plain people of Germany, but they cannot steal salvation. Many of the citizens of Danzig

feel that the League of Nations has stolen this wonderful city from the control of the Germans. But we cannot take salvation from any one. Money is locked up in banks, but you do not have to lock up religion. Nobody could steal it if he would, and many people would not if they could.

The other way of securing property is for somebody to give it to you. When any one makes you a gift, it is yours as much as if you had bought it. The only way that we can have salvation is to accept it as a gracious gift from God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. But remember, when God gives you salvation, it is yours. He invites us to come without money and without price

The young ruler who came to Jesus asked: "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" He could not inherit, buy, or steal salvation. The Bible says: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among

men, whereby we must be saved." Paul says that salvation is the gift of God.

A young man got out too far in the ocean at Atlantic City. One of the expert swimmers went to him, and as he went down for the first time the swimmer backed off from him. When he came to the surface the rescuer started to seize him, but swam away, allowing him to go down the second time. When the drowning man came to the surface again, the expert swimmer made a circle around him, and as the fellow started down for the last time the swimmer grabbed him and brought him ashore.

His friends said: "Why did you trifle with a drowning man? Why did you not save him sooner?" He answered: "When I first got to him, he was trying to save himself. I had to wait until he gave up, so that I might save him."

Jesus Christ was watching for an opening to save the young ruler. However, the young man was so busy trying to save him-

self that he would not give Jesus a chance. As the Bible says, "He went away sorrowful." Will you not accept salvation as a free and gracious gift from your loving Heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ?

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